

WINTER  
ISSUE  
No.17

# BLACKHAWK



10¢

**PREPARES**  
*for*  
**ACTION!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!  
All for one low price of only \$4.98!



SEND FOR  
YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

## At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensational low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "The real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

**Easy To Make Your Own Pictures:** Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and landmarks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Violently without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling! Inn such as you've never known before.

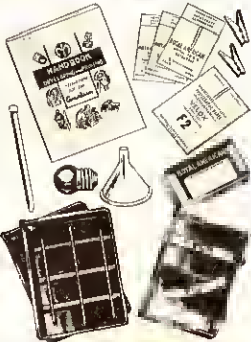
**Make Money While Having Fun!** This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

**THE CAMERA** has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. **THE DEVELOPING KIT** consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal brand frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box cold-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE deskroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

**10 Day Examination Offer**  
Is this a value? You tell it! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll let you examine and use the kit at your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

## You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



## SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 7531 3227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me at the postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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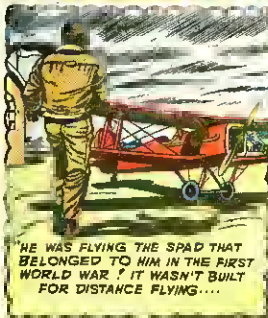
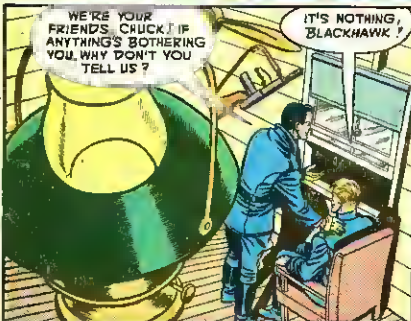
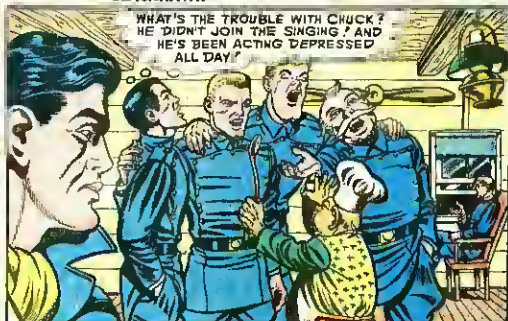
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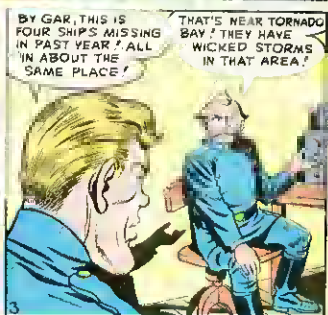
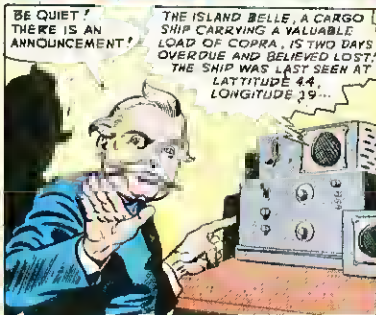
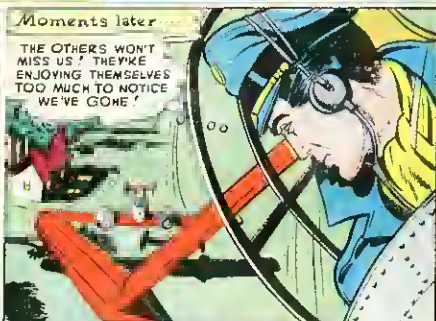
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# BLACKHAWK

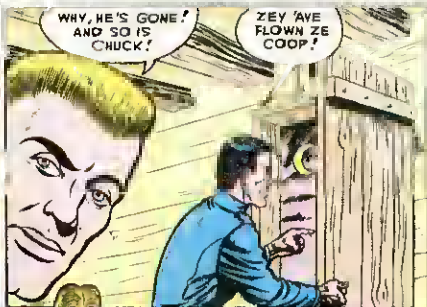
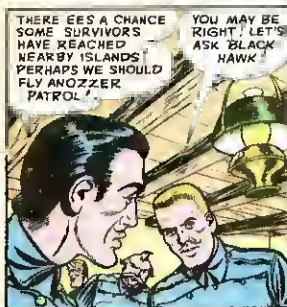
Men from many lands,  
gathered into a fighting  
squadron unequalled  
anywhere in the world!  
These are **THE BLACKHAWKS!**  
And they are making history  
spelling it out in the heat  
of their blazing guns!  
But sometimes the history  
were better unrecorded  
when it struck at the  
heart of one of the  
**BLACKHAWKS!**









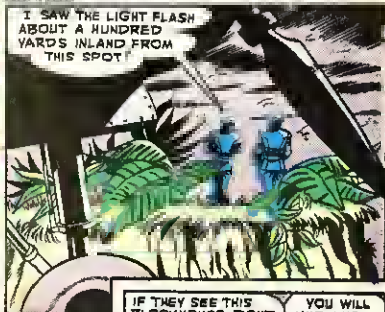


# BLACKHAWK



THE WHOLE ISLAND IS OVERGROWN WITH FOREST, BLACKHAWK! YOU MUST BE WRONG!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



I SAW THE LIGHT FLASH ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS INLAND FROM THIS SPOT!



TWO PLANES LANDED ON THE ISLAND, MR. WILSON! THE PILOTS ARE HEADING THIS WAY!

WE'LL PLAY IT SAFE! KEEP EVERY LIGHT SHIELDED! IF THEY DON'T SEE US, DON'T BOTHER THEM!



IF THEY SEE THIS BLOCKHOUSE, DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY! BRING THEM TO ME!

YOU WILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM! YOU ALWAYS DO, MY SWEET!

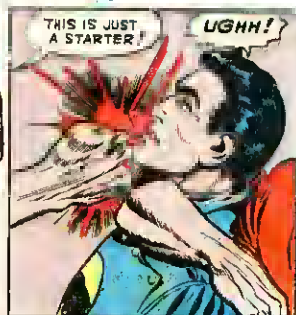
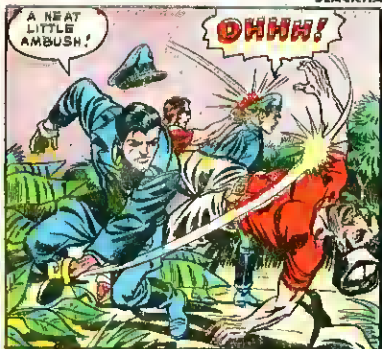


BLACKHAWK! I SEE A BUILDING AHEAD! IT LOOKS LIKE A...



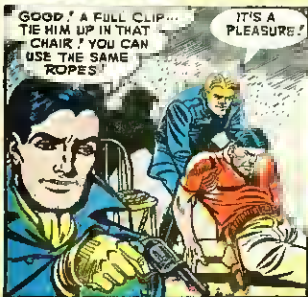
LOOK OUT!

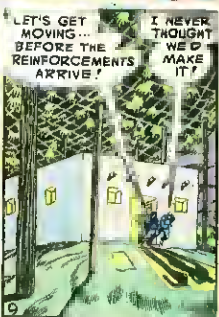
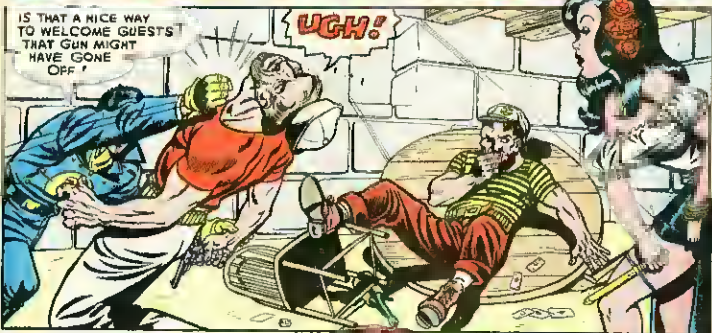




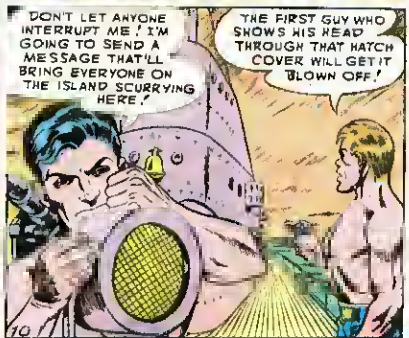
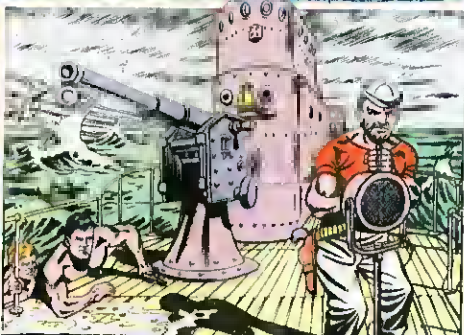
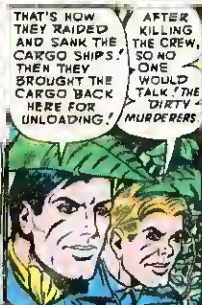












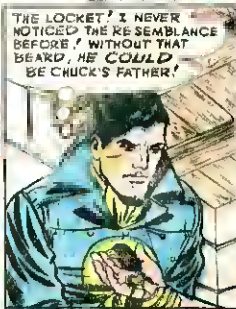






I...I'VE SHOT MY BOLT! BETTER... THIS WAY! HE WILL...NEVER KNOW HE WAS MY SON...

YOUR SON!

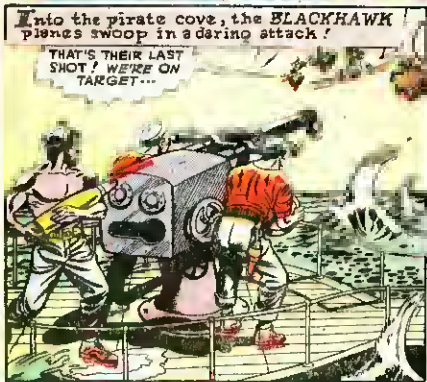


THE LOCKET! I NEVER NOTICED THE RESEMBLANCE BEFORE! WITHOUT THAT BEARD, HE COULD BE CHUCK'S FATHER!



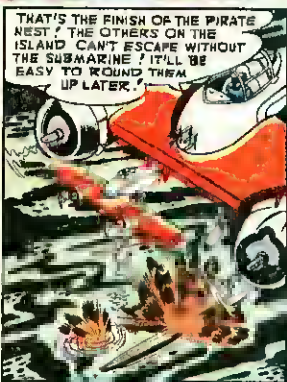
WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE KILLED HERSELF JUST AS I CAUGHT UP WITH HER! WE'D BETTER GET TO THE PLANES BEFORE THOSE MEN START COMING BACK!

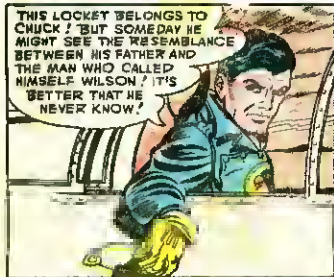


Into the pirate cove, the BLACKHAWK planes swoop in a daring attack!

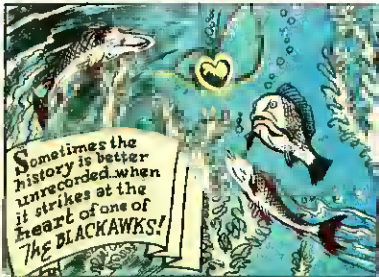
THAT'S THEIR LAST SHOT! WE'RE ON TARGET...



THAT'S THE FINISH OF THE PIRATE NEST! THE OTHERS ON THE ISLAND CAN'T ESCAPE WITHOUT THE SUBMARINE! IT'LL BE EASY TO ROUND THEM UP LATER!




THIS LOCKET BELONGS TO CHUCK! BUT SOMEDAY HE MIGHT SEE THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN HIS FATHER AND THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF WILSON! IT'S BETTER THAT HE NEVER KNOW!



Sometimes the history is better unrecorded when it strikes at the heart of one of the BLACKAWKS!

# BLACKHAWK



Even Fear knew fear!  
The curse of angry ancient Gods threatened North City and glamorous Fear, former ally of the BLACKHAWKS, was not enough to avert the danger... until the world's greatest team of fighters for freedom arrived to help!

Between adventures... the Blackhawk Squadron approaches the landing field at North City...

WHY DO WE LAND HERE, BLACKHAWK?

WE'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE... AND WE NEED A REST!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF FREEDOM! THERE'S SOMETHING IN NORTH CITY TO INTEREST EVERY ONE OF YOU... MEET ME LATER AT THE HOTEL PIERRE!

EN EFFET!  
ZIS EEZ ZE GRAND PLAISIR!

But, soon...

WAIT, CHUCK? BEFORE YOU BAN HIRE DAS BOAT! DAS HANSON YOCKEY BAN TALK TO US!

YOU WITH THE BLUE UNIFORMS! YOU'RE WANTED AT ONCE!

FOR YOU, KENDRICKSON, ZE GRAND BIFSTEK! AND FOR ME... ANDRE...

FOR BOTH OF YOU, THIS HANSON CAB! THE DRIVER SAYS IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

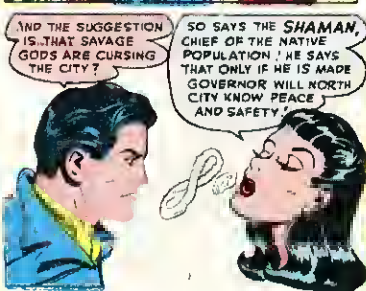
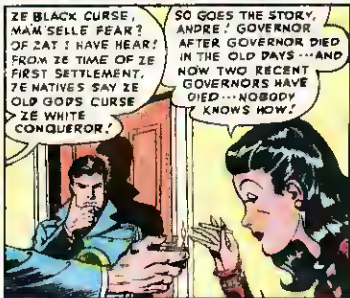
LOOK SEE, STANISLAUS! MUSEUM... WE SPEND TIME, LEARN SOMETHING, YES?

HEY, YOU TWO! COME WITH ME AND HURRY! WE HAVE TO GO AT A GALLOP!

WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES CALLED BACK, OLAF! THERE'S CHOP CHOP!

AND ANOTHER HANSON CAB COMES WHAT JUMPEE UP?





# BLACKHAWK

MY PEOPLE KNOW  
MANY STRANGE SCIENCES  
---A SECRET POWER  
INFORMED ME OF THIS  
LITTLE COUNCIL AGAINST  
OUR RIGHTFUL  
CLAIMS!

BE THAT  
AS IT MAY,  
IT'S A  
**PRIVATE**  
COUNCIL!  
YOU WEREN'T  
INVITED!

I INVITED MYSELF, MISS FEAR!  
I ENJOY HEARING LIES AND INSULTS  
ABOUT ME... BECAUSE THEN I CAN  
PUNISH THEM! SUPPOSE THE CURSE  
OF MY GODS FALLS UPON YOU AND  
THESE BLUE-CLAD  
STRANGERS?

BY YIMINY,  
AY SAN THROW  
DAS GUY OUT!



COME  
BACK  
HYAR!  
AY SAN  
SHOW  
YOU!

THAT WAS BUT A  
MILD WARNING!  
PROFIT BY IT,  
ALL OF YOU!

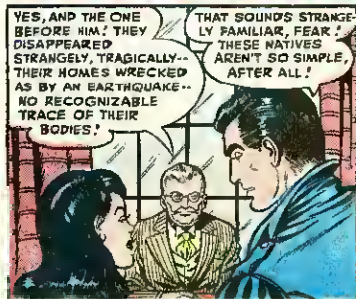
HE WASN'T  
SMART, OLAF...  
JUST A DIRTY  
FIGHTER!  
NEXT TIME  
YOU'LL TAKE  
HIM! BUT  
HOW DID HE  
KNOW WHAT  
WE WERE  
TALKING ABOUT  
IN HERE?

THE SHAMAN  
USES MODERN  
GADGETS AS  
WELL AS ANCIENT  
MAGIC! SOME  
SPY MUST HAVE  
TIPPED HIM OFF  
TO THIS CON-  
FERENCE  
ROOM... AND  
HE PLANTED A  
DICTAPHONE  
HERE!



SO IT IS!  
NOT BLACK  
MAGIC,  
AFTER ALL!

WHATEVER YOU'VE  
STARTED, WE'LL  
FINISH, FEAR! THIS  
SHAMAN'S THREATS  
ARE ONLY AN  
INVITATION TO  
THE BLACKHAWKS!





Hours later, as dusk settles over the hills beyond North City...

HERE'S THE OLD FORT--  
AND LIGHTS IN THE  
WINDOW!

VISITORS, EH?  
UNINVITED, EH?  
VERY WELL!



THIS I CALL  
THE THIMBLE  
OF DEATH!



WHAT...

HE THREW SOMETHING!  
QUICK! UNDER THE SHELTER  
OF THIS LITTLE WALL!



GREAT SHAMAN,  
DID THE SPIES  
ESCAPE?

FROM THAT WRECKAGE?  
NOT SO... OUR GODS  
PUNISH THOSE OF OUR  
ENEMIES WHO DARE  
APPROACH!



PILE ON WOOD! FIRE WILL DESTROY  
THE LAST TRACE OF THEIR BODIES!  
NOW BACK TO OUR  
COUNCIL!



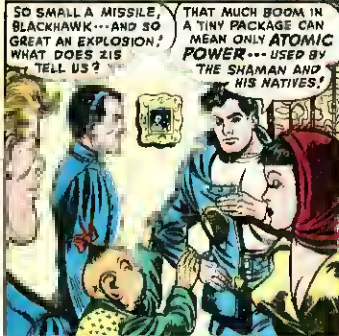
**But BLACKHAWK soon returns to his senses....**

WHAT A POUNDING!  
FEAR... ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?



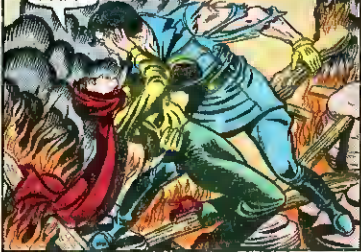
SO SMALL A MISSILE,  
BLACKHAWK... AND SO  
GREAT AN EXPLOSION!  
WHAT DOES THIS  
TELL US?

THAT MUCH BOOM IN  
A TINY PACKAGE CAN  
MEAN ONLY **ATOMIC  
POWER**... USED BY  
THE SHAMAN AND  
HIS NATIVES!



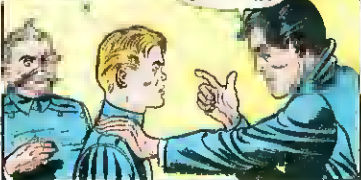
YOU'RE BLEEDING,  
BLACKHAWK! YOU  
KEPT THE STONES  
FROM ME WITH YOUR  
OWN BODY! DO YOU  
FEEL LIKE FIGHTING  
NOW?

VERY MUCH LIKE FIGHTING!  
BUT THIS WILL TAKE WITS  
AS WELL AS FISTS!  
LET'S RETURN TO OUR  
FRIENDS!



IMPOSSIBLE! EVERY  
SOURCE OF ATOMIC  
ENERGY IS UNDER  
AMERICAN  
CONTROL!

CHUCK, YOU'VE HIT ON IT!  
THERE MUST BE A URANIUM  
DEPOSIT IN THIS DISTRICT...  
UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD...  
BUT **FOUND BY THE  
SHAMAN!**



THAT EXPLAINS HOW  
TWO GOVERNORS DIED  
AND LEFT NO RECOG-  
NIZABLE REMAINS...  
THEY WERE BLOWN  
OUT OF EXISTENCE!  
SO MUCH FOR THE  
SHAMAN'S CLAIM OF  
MAGIC POWER AND  
THE RIGHT TO  
RULE!

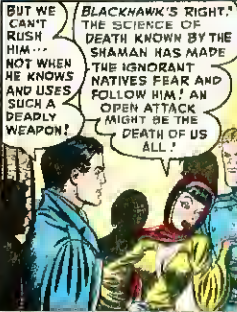
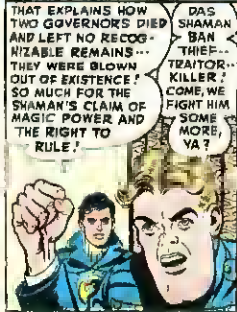
DAS SHAMAN  
BAN  
THIEF...  
TRAITOR...  
KILLER!  
COME, WE  
FIGHT HIM  
SOME  
MORE,  
YA?

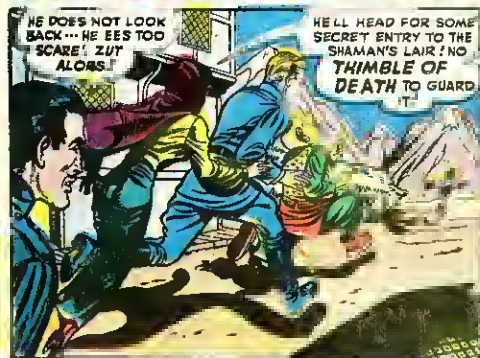
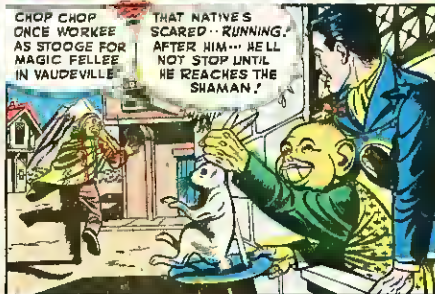
BUT WE  
CAN'T  
RUSH  
HIM...  
NOT WHEN  
HE KNOWS  
AND USES  
SUCH A  
DEADLY  
WEAPON!

BLACKHAWK'S RIGHT!  
THE SCIENCE OF  
DEATH KNOWN BY THE  
SHAMAN HAS MADE  
THE IGNORANT  
NATIVES FEAR AND  
FOLLOW HIM! AN  
OPEN ATTACK  
MIGHT BE THE  
DEATH OF US  
ALL!

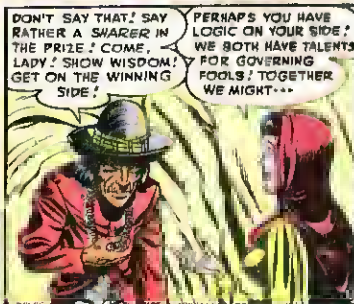
WE MUST DO  
SOMETHING...  
BUT **VOT?**

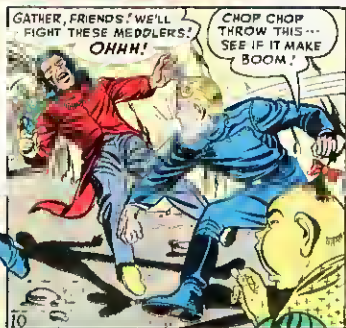
CHOP  
CHOP  
TALKEE  
ONE  
PIECE!











# BLACKHAWK



YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO EXPLODE THESE BOMBS! THANKS FOR THROWING IT! I'LL THROW IT BACK!



THANK YOU! CHOP CHOP! PLAY CATCH! NO BOOM!

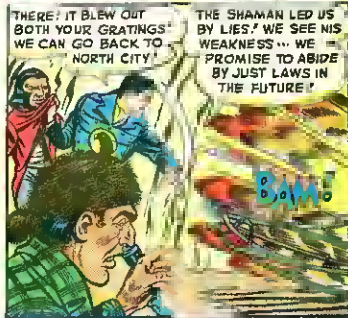


IT IS TRUE! HIS MAGIC IS GREATER THAN SHAMAN'S!



FIGHT THEM YOU IDIOTS! DON'T BOW DOWN! HELP ME!

KIND OF DESERTED, AREN'T YOU SHAMAN? NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO USE A BOMB!



THERE! IT BLEW OUT BOTH YOUR GRATINGS! WE CAN GO BACK TO NORTH CITY!

THE SHAMAN LED US BY LIES! WE SEE HIS WEAKNESS... WE PROMISE TO ABIDE BY JUST LAWS IN THE FUTURE!



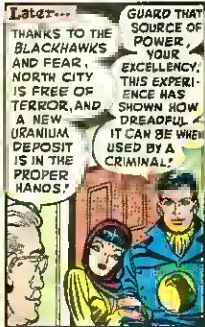
OWN UP! YOU DELUDED THOSE NATIVES INTO HELPING YOU TERRORIZE NORTH CITY SO THAT YOU COULD GRAB POWER AND PROFIT BY THE DEPOSIT OF URANIUM ORE!

YES, I CONFESS. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE DEPOSIT IS... PLEAD GUILTY! BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO MAKE THAT THIMBLE OF DEATH HARMLESS?



ME DO! NOT THROW BOMB... ONLY REAL THIMBLE THAT CHOP CHOP USE WHEN PATCHEE CLOTHES!

WHERE WOULD WE BE WITHOUT CHOP CHOP?



Later...

THANKS TO THE BLACKHAWKS AND FEAR, NORTH CITY IS FREE OF TERROR, AND A NEW URANIUM DEPOSIT IS IN THE PROPER HANDS!

GUARD THAT SOURCE OF POWER, YOUR EXCELLENCE. THIS EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN HOW DREADFUL IT CAN BE WHEN USED BY A CRIMINAL!



# CHOP CHOP

NO! NO! THE  
PLAY CALLS FOR  
YOU TO FIGHT THE  
DUEL WITH  
SWORDS!

SWORD VELLY  
OLD-FASHIONED!  
TOMMY GUN DO  
BETTER JOB!

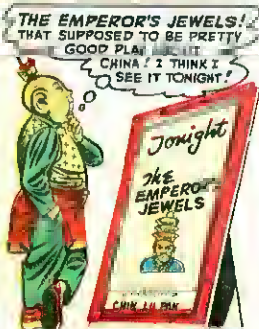


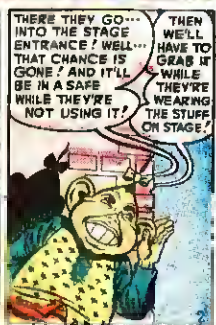
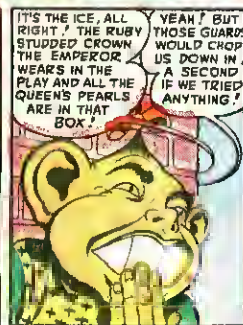
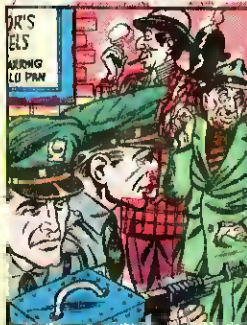
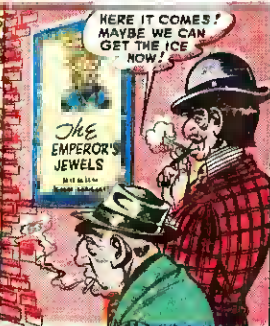
THIS IS MY LAST NIGHT IN CITY BEFORE I GO  
BACK TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND! HAVE  
ACCOMPLISHED MISSION ON WHICH  
SENT, SO DESERVE  
VELLY GOOD TIME  
TONIGHT!



THE EMPEROR'S JEWELS!  
THAT SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY  
GOOD PLAY.

CHINA! I THINK I  
SEE IT TONIGHT!



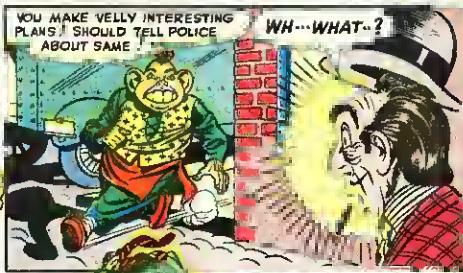


BLACKHAWK

UNLESS EARS DECEIVE ME,  
AM LISTENING TO PLAN  
FOR ROBBERY!

YOU MAKE VELLY INTERESTING  
PLANS! SHOULD TELL POLICE  
ABOUT SAME!

WH...WHAT..?



LISTEN WISE GUY! HOW'D  
YOU LIKE A COUPLE OF  
SLUGS BETWEEN  
YOUR RIBS?

NOT  
VELLY  
MUCH!



HOW YOU LIKE  
PUNCH IN JAW?



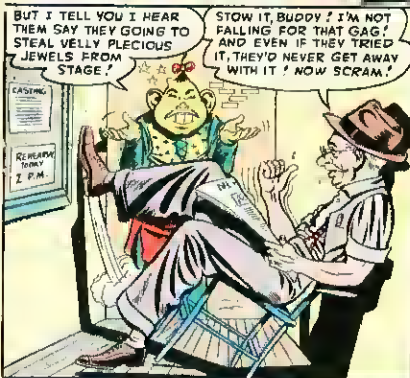
THIS'LL HOLD  
YOU, BIG  
NOISE!

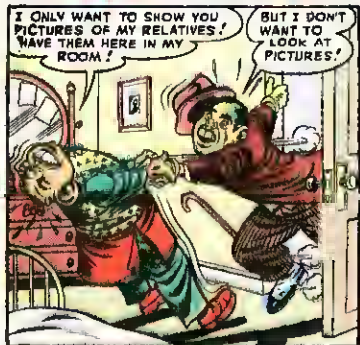
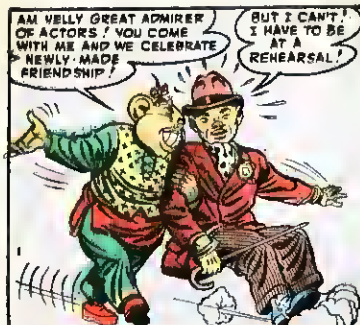


C'MON... SNAP OUT  
OF IT, KIP! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET OUT  
OF HERE!











AND THIS MUST BE  
COSTUME HE WEAR  
IN PLAY!



MUST WATCH CAREFULLY  
TO SEE THAT CROOKS DO  
NOT GET JEWELS!



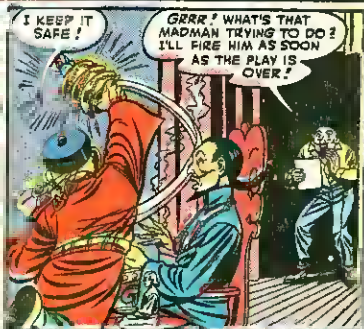
AND WITH THIS CROWN  
I DO MAKE THEE  
EMPEROR OF  
THIS LAND!



TSK! TSK! VELLY  
BAD PLACE TO KEEP  
JEWELLED CROWN!  
IF CROOKS COME,  
CAN SNATCH IT OFF  
VELLY EASILY!

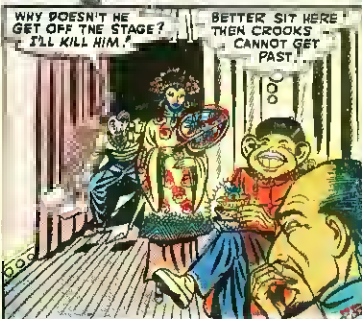


WHAT'S HE DOING  
ON STAGE? HE  
DOESN'T BELONG  
IN THIS SCENE!



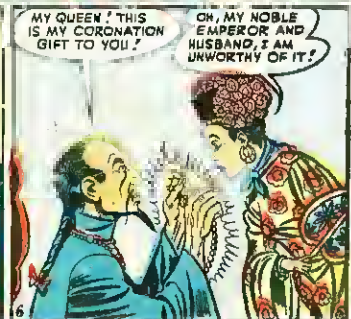
I KEEP IT  
SAFE!

GRRR! WHAT'S THAT  
MADMAN TRYING TO DO?  
I'LL FIRE HIM AS SOON  
AS THE PLAY IS  
OVER!



WHY DOESN'T HE  
GET OFF THE STAGE?  
I'LL KILL HIM!

BETTER SIT HERE  
THEN CROOKS -  
CANNOT GET  
PAST!

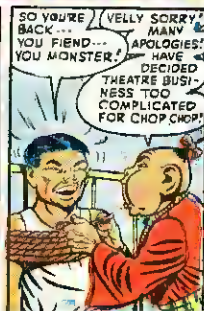
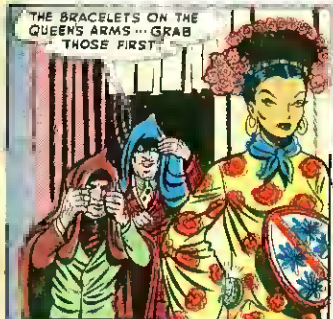


MY QUEEN! THIS  
IS MY CORONATION  
GIFT TO YOU!

OH, MY NOBLE  
EMPEROR AND  
HUSBAND, I AM  
UNWORTHY OF IT!







# Of MEN and MURDER

**B**BLACKHAWK'S first glance at Lordsville was cursory but it took in more than one would have suspected. What he saw was a sprawling little city of fifty thousand in a cup of bare, scarred hills. Mine tipples spouted ugly smoke. The buildings were drab with it.

Lordsville looked like a city with a curse on it. And that's exactly what was wrong with it.

Blackhawk dropped a nickel in the telephone slot and dialed his number. A voice answered.

"This Caleb Lord?" he asked.

"Caleb, junior. Who's talking?"

"Blackhawk. Your father wired me two days ago—"

"Oh, yes," said Junior. "Can you come on out? Dad is waiting."

"Right." Blackhawk hung up the phone and stepped out of the hotel lobby. A taxi pulled up and he got in, directing the driver to the Lord residence.

The ornate front door swung open before he had a chance to push the bell. A tall, pasty-faced individual nodded and held wide the door. Blackhawk stepped inside. The pasty-faced individual led him to a wide stairway and pointed upward. "First door on the right," he said, and padded down the hall.

Blackhawk went up and turned in at the open door. The room was a big den-like affair, its walls lined with books. A vacant desk stood at one side. After a moment a huge old man, with purplish face propelled himself into the room in a wheelchair.

"Hm," said the old man. "You this here Blackhawk? Sit down. I'm Caleb Lord."

Blackhawk sat. "I've heard about you," went on the old man in a harsh voice. "If you're half as good as they say, you're my man."

"The job," said Blackhawk with a tone of irritation. "I came as soon as I received your wire."

Caleb waved a pudgy hand. "Not so fast, lad. You'd better get this first—this is my town. Built it from scratch. Own everything in it. There's a certain faction, however, that's got powerful since the war. Aim to push me out. I ain't pushin'. I want this mob cleaned up. That's where you come in."

The phone rang. Old Caleb picked up the receiver and said yes. "When?" he yelled.

"Where?" The purple left his face as he hung up the instrument. "My son," he said, "was just found murdered—riddled with bullets."

"Your son," exclaimed Blackhawk. "Why, I just talked to him a few minutes ago. Here."

The old man nodded. "Yeah. He left the house for his office. . . those dirty rats rubbed him out."

"You mean," said Blackhawk, "this mob you've been telling me about?"

"Who else?" barked the old man. "He was running my papers, putting on a reform platform. I told him—" The old man caught himself. "Well, that is your first job. Find my son's murderer. Now git!"

Blackhawk blinked. Caleb Lord shoved his chair out of the room. Blackhawk found his way downstairs and out the door. Just like that. Not much to go on. Oh, well, he had tackled worse jobs.

He was striding along toward his hotel when a foreign voice spoke. "Ah, Blackhawk! I hope you weel not mind, yes?"

"Andre!" gasped Blackhawk. "You here. No, don't mind at all. Where are the others?"

Andre grinned, but didn't answer.

Blackhawk chuckled. "Not far away, I'll bet! I'm going to look into a murder. Be around, eh?"

The Frenchman nodded and vanished down an alley.

Young Lord had been shot not far from Blackhawk's hotel. He saw the crowd around the fallen body and made his way there. Bullets had made a sieve of the man's chest. Blackhawk buttonholed a hard-bitten character looking on.

"Know who did it?" he asked.

The man looked him over slyly. "Who ya suppose, bub? 'Th' Boss, o' course."

"The B—" Blackhawk caught himself. He'd best find out a few things first. He spent the rest of the day trying, not getting very much. The townsfolk all seemed to be under a spell. Each man distrusted the other. "The Boss" apparently had a mighty hold on the town. Who was this Boss?

As Blackhawk stepped into his hotel room and snapped on the light, bullets shattered the window across the room and sprayed the woodwork around his head. He slammed to the floor.



and hurled his gun at the overhead light. The globe shattered and the room was in darkness. He lay waiting for a while, then cautiously deagglod himself to the opposite window. The roof of a higher building was across the alley. Someone had crouched there and blazed away at him when his light came on.

He called the management and ordered his room changed to one not so easily offering a target.

The phone rang as he got settled in the new room. A voice, strangely disguised, said, "You, Blackhawk, listen. Get outa town or you'll be a stiff by tomorrow night. Get it?" The conversation beeko.

"Hm," said Blackhawk. "That must've been the Boss. Evidently means business." Blackhawk sent a secret call for his men. In a short time all the Blackhawks were crowding into his room—Olaf, Chuek, Chop Chop, Stanislaus, Andre, Hendrickson. All packed a grin, hoping there would be battle.

"What have you lads found out?" Blackhawk asked.

Olaf said, "Aye ban check on a mobster oomr of Pete Sweeney. He runs the aluminum plants. Seems his factories are making nothing but bombs."

"Bombs?" exclaimed Blackhawk. "What for? The war is over."

"That's just it," said Hendrickson. "I've gone through several of those plants. They're piling up a vast quantity of bombs—tiny, powerful bombs of magnesium, which is easy to get in aluminum manufacture."

"They're planning," said Chuek, "a sort of war on some other political factum. Pete is a hireling of The Boss, whoever he is. Someone else wants control of the city."

"Yeah," tossed in Stanislaus. "This other cewod is going to mob the aluminum plants this afternoon. That information rook me a wad of money, Blackhawk." He grinned.

Blackhawk said, "Well, so far, we hardly know where we stand. Old Caleb Lord won't talk. No one will talk. The only thing we can do is try to prevent wholesale murder. I guess you boys had bet—"

A whistling noise roused the men to whirl. A glinting object hurtled into the room through the open window. Little Chop Chop, near the window, with a lightning leap, caught the object and with a "Whee-ee!" sent it outward. Almost instantly there was a terrific flash of fire, a great roaring, and the Blackhawks were holed to their knees by the concussion of the blast. Part of the hotel wall cracked inward.

"Whew!" said Blackhawk, gathering himself up, "that was a close one. They mean business,

all right. Good work, Chop Chop," he said, patting the little Chinaman's back. "Nice catch."

"Me catehum plenty fast," grinned Chop Chop.

The hotel was in an uproar as the Blackhawks made their way downstairs and into the lobby. A lot of damage had been done by the explosion. Police were everywhere, questioning.

"We haven't much time," said Blackhawk on the street. "Pile into your planes and give the whole city a shower. It's the only way. Afterward we'll try to sort out the truth here." The Blackhawks parted.

Immune to what was coming, Blackhawk made his way toward Caleb Lord's mansion at the edge of town. His planes coared over as he pressed the hell button. In the distance there began a thudding of machine-guns and the deeper bellow of bomb blasts. Then sudden silence. The tall, dead-looking man opened the door, then swayed and crashed to the floor. Blackhawk smiled as he hurried upstairs.

Old Caleb sat in his chair, asleep. Blackhawk pushed a vial under the man's nose. He awakened almost immediately.

"Now," said Blackhawk. "You'd better talk. Your city is sleeping for an hour or so, while my men find out a few things. I know this, the governor of this state ordered a clean-up here. You're against it. That's because you're the so-called 'Boss.' Well, your dirty work ends now. Corruption and gangsterism ends in Lordsville. The Army is on its way to take over. Care to talk?"

Caleb Lord blinked hate. "So you put the city to sleep, eh? That's some of your danged magic I've heard about. All right, you've got me. Yes, I'm the boss. But a new crew has been museling in. I don't know 'em."

"I do," said Blackhawk quietly. "The new crew is mine. They had to look and act like crooks, but they're not. They're decent, law-enforcing men. What was your racket, Lord?"

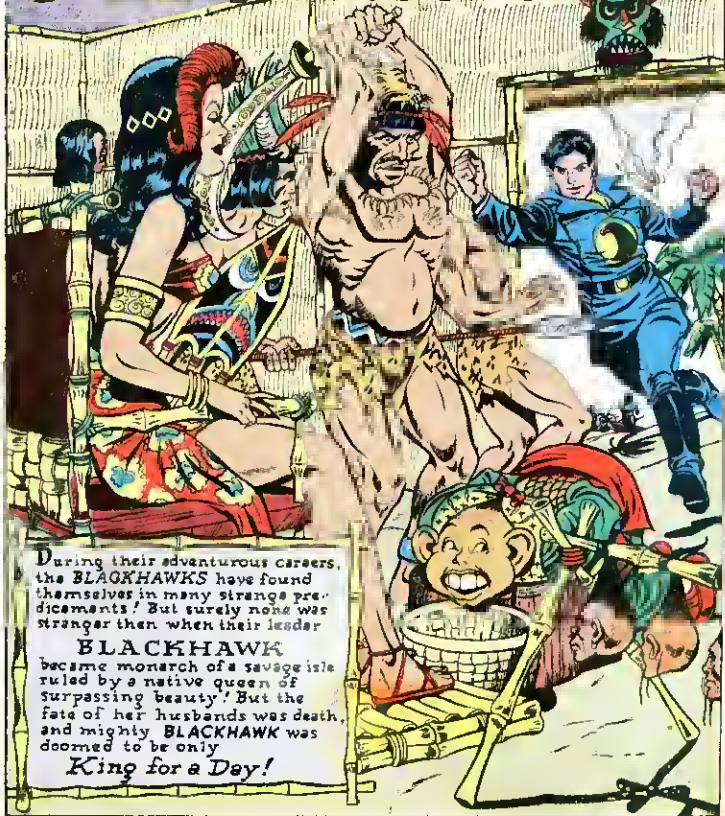
Old Caleb knew he was heked. "Bombs. For an uprising. A certain government paid well—"

"I know," interrupted Blackhawk. "That certain government is also stopped. There will be no third world war, Lord. And you didn't have to trick me. That was a blind to cover up your own dirty work. Uncle Sam ordered me and my men here long ago. We had to have the goods on you before cracking down. We have it."

"My son," wavered the old man.

"He was doing our bidding," said Blackhawk. "You ordered him killed. I feel sorry for you. Greed. Hate. Money. Maybe Lordsville will be a decent place to live in when it wakes up."

# BLACKHAWK



During their adventurous careers, the **BLACKHAWKS** have found themselves in many strange predicaments! But surely none was stranger than when their leader

## **BLACKHAWK**

became monarch of a savage isle ruled by a native queen of surpassing beauty! But the fate of her husbands was death, and mighty **BLACKHAWK** was doomed to be only

*King for a Day!*

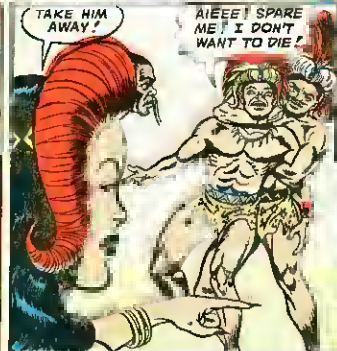
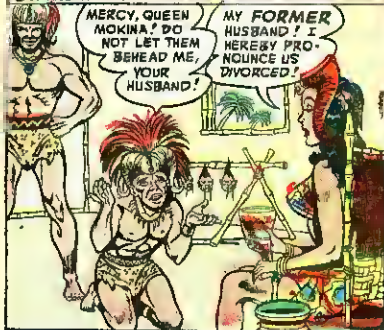
On the little known island of Jombore...

MERCY, QUEEN MOKINA! DO NOT LET THEM BEHEAD ME, YOUR HUSBAND!

MY FORMER HUSBAND! I HEREBY PRO- NOUNCE US DIVORCED!

TAKE HIM AWAY!

AIEEE! SPARE ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

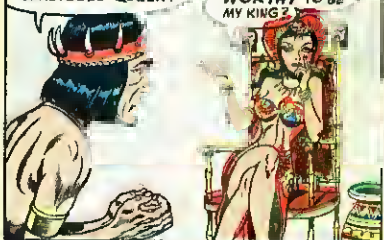


HE WAS AN UNSATISFACTORY MONARCH... UNWORTHY TO RULE BESIDE YOU, O BEAUTEOUS QUEEN!

YOU SPEAK TRULY! BUT WHERE IS THE MAN WHO IS WORTHY TO BE MY KING?

I WILL SEARCH FOR HIM! SOMEWHERE ON THIS ISLAND WE WILL FIND THE MAN, QUEEN MOKINA!

GO, THEN! FIND HIM AND BRING HIM HERE TO ME!



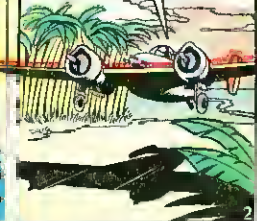
At this moment, Blackhawk planes approach the island's north shore!

HEAR THAT, CHOP CHOP? THE MOTOR'S ACTING UP AGAIN!

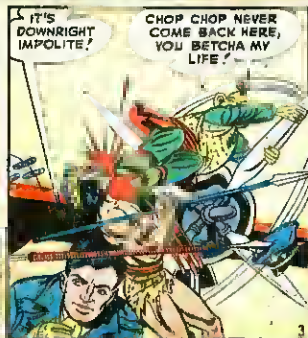
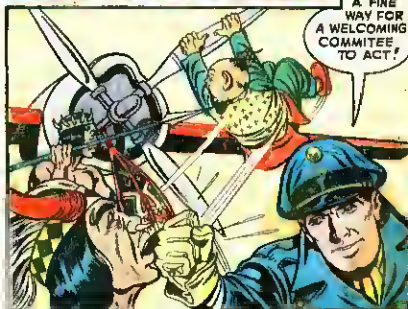
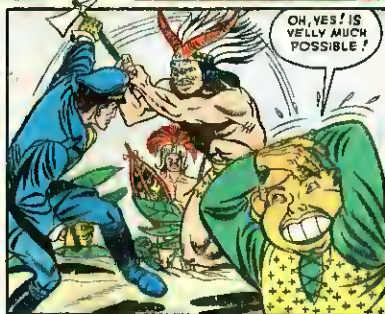
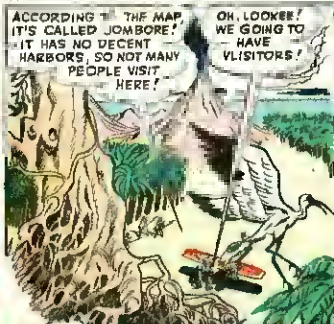
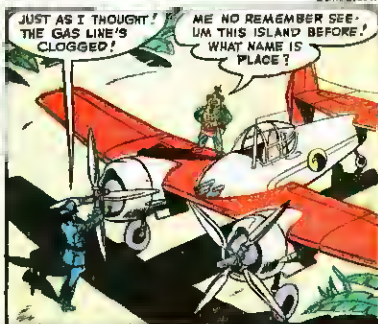
I'M GOING TO LAND AND TRY TO PATCH UP THE ENGINE! THE REST OF YOU GO BACK TO THE ISLAND!

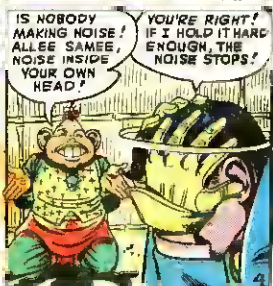
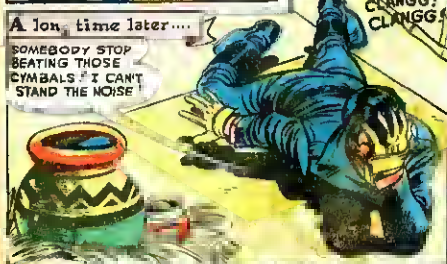
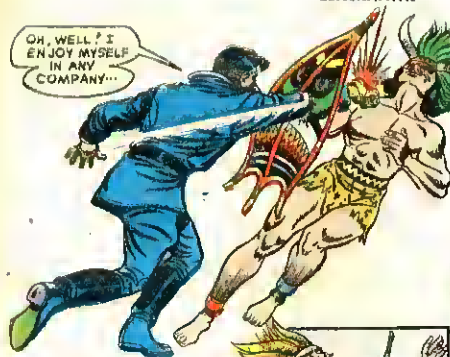
OKAY, BLACKHAWK!

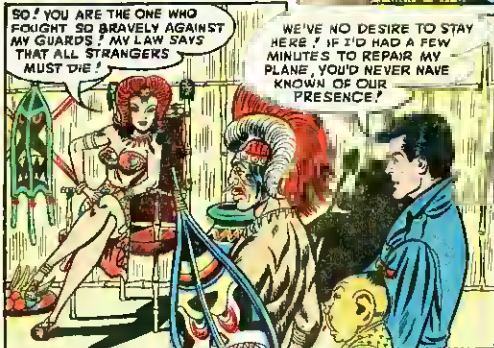
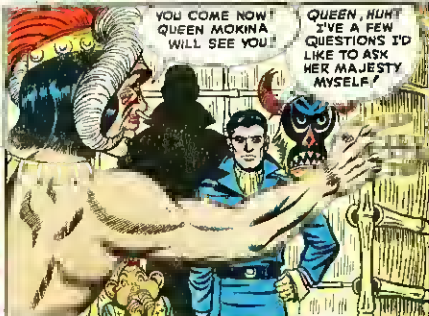
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S JUST A MINOR REPAIR, CHOP CHOP! WE'LL BE UNDER WAY AGAIN IN HALF AN HOUR!



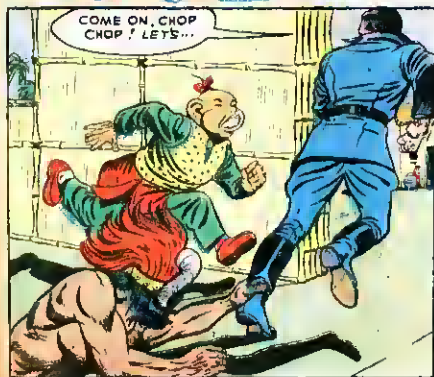
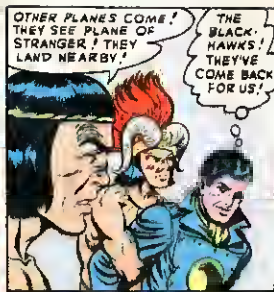
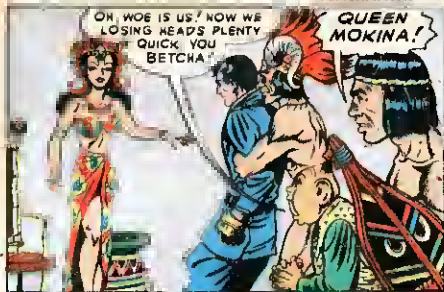


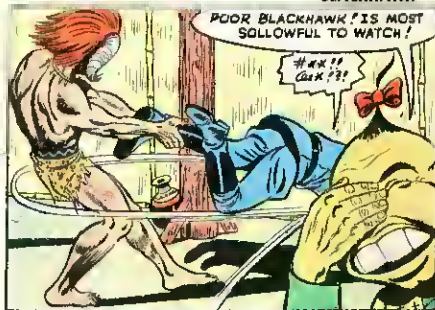


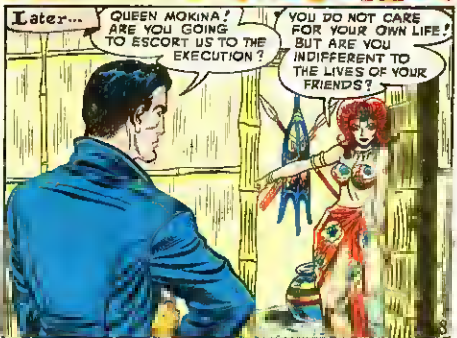
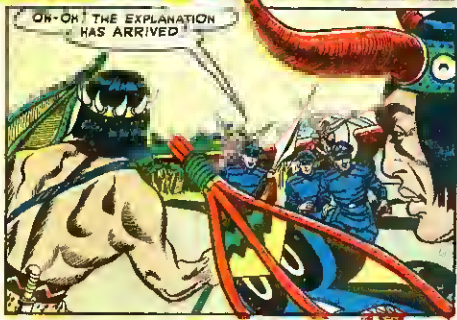




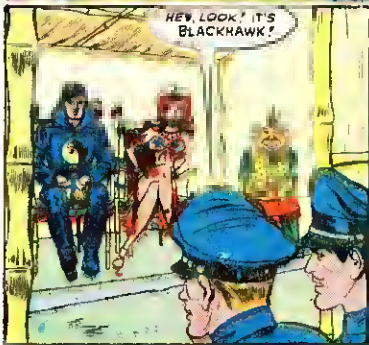
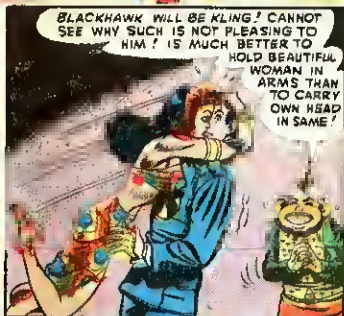
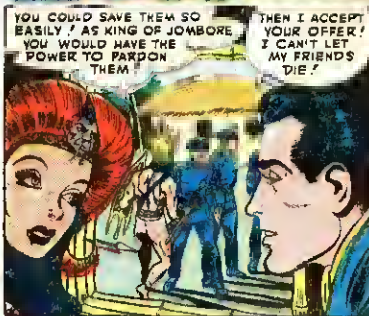












FALL TO YOUR KNEES! THAT IS HOW SLAVES ENTER THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN!

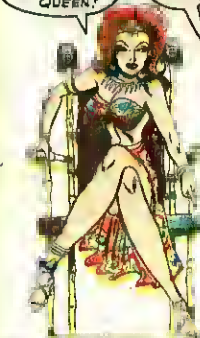
HUH? WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?

I HAD TO DO IT! SHE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU, IF I HADN'T AGREED TO BECOME KING!

YOU—YOU MEAN YOU'RE MARRIED... TO HER?

THE ACTUAL CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE AS SOON AS THE HIGH PRIEST CAN OFFICIATE! BUT MOKINA SAYS SHE'S MADE ME KING ALREADY!

TO YOUR KNEES... OR YOU WILL REGRET THIS INSOLENCE!



HAKDAR IS KING! DEATH TO ALL PRETENDERS!

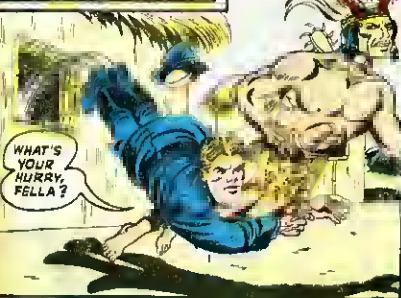


WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

I'LL GET HIM!



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, FELLA?



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE UNTIL WE'VE HAD A NICE, LONG, TALK!

UNHH!





BY GAR I HIT HIM TOO HARD! HE WON'T COME TO FOR AN HOUR OR SO!

ANOTHER OF HAKDAR'S SPIES! THEY ARE EVERYWHERE!



WHO IS HAKDAR?

HE CLAIMS TO BE THE RIGHTFUL KING, AND THERE ARE SOME WHO FOLLOW HIM! THE REBELS HIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE MY LANCERS CANNOT FIND THEM!



HAKDAR WAS MY FIRST HUSBAND AND A JEALOUS MAN! BUT YOU WILL PROTECT ME FROM HIM! I AM NOT AFRAID WHILE YOU ARE HERE!

HMMM!



MY QUEEN, IT IS MY DUTY TO PROTECT YOU! MY FRIENDS AND I WILL FIND HAKDAR AND BRING HIM HERE TO BE PUNISHED!

YOU CANNOT LEAVE ME! THERE IS THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY TO BE PERFORMED! BESIDES, ALL MY EXPEDITIONS AGAINST HAKDAR HAVE FAILED!



WE WILL NOT FAIL, MY QUEEN! A SMALL GROUP MAY SUCCEED WHERE AN ARMY FAILED! I'LL BE BACK WITH YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW I'M GONE!

AND HAKDAR'S HEAD SHALL GRACE OUR BANQUET TABLE! VERY WELL, MY KING! YOU MAY GO!

At nightfall, the Black-hawks sally forth ....



A NEAT TRICK, BLACKHAWK! SHALL WE FIND OUR PLANES NOW AND LEAVE THE ISLAND?

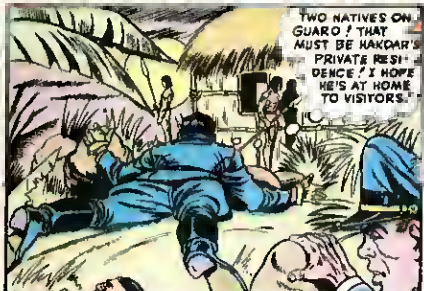
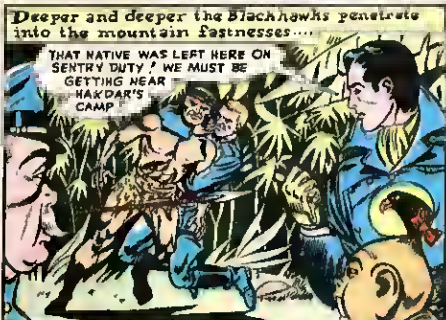
NO! THAT'S JUST WHAT QUEEN MOKINA WILL TAKE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST!

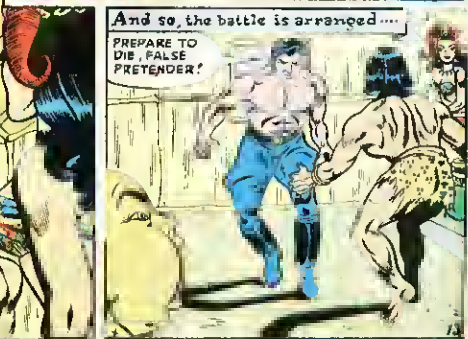
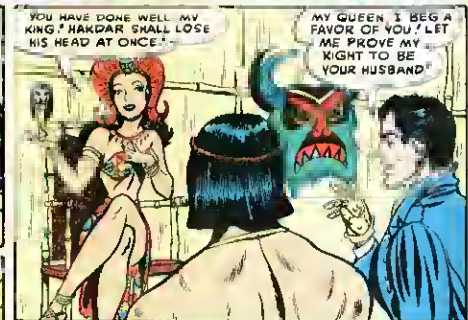


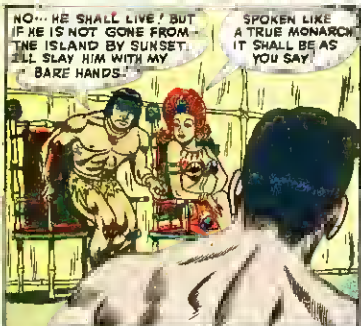
MOKINA'S A SMART WOMAN! SHE'LL POST GUARDS NEAR THE PLANES! IF WE DOUBLE-CROSS HER WE'LL ALL PAY WITH OUR HEADS!

BUT IF WE GO BACK, YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE AS KING!











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GIRLS!  
HURRY**

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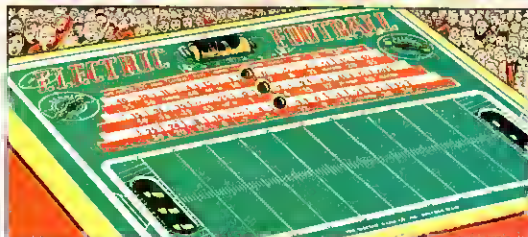
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The electric switch keys are nickel plated. Easy key, when pressed, the electric switch keys are nickel plated. Easy key, when pressed, the electric switch keys are nickel plated.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, one complete with lamp, battery, bulb, beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, one complete with lamp, battery, bulb, beautifully colored.

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